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Adam, Gabriel and I were sitting in the office. It was late May, a few weeks after I started. The manager hadn't figured out how to fire the housekeeper yet.

The housekeeper was Hispanic. Despite her total incompetence, she'd cry racism if she were fired outright. Eventually she'd be "let go." In reality she'd be fired, and everyone else would have to do part of her job. Adam would do most of it. He would go shopping at the "No Frills" at least once a week. I went with him a few times, in his little car. His hand bumped my knee when he used the shift. He smoked, and asked me if I wouldn't mind rolling down the window. He said he was sweating like a pig. It was partly because he was physically weak. He never got enough sleep.

I don't think we can overestimate the effect of this on Adam. He should never have been allowed to do as much as he did, but it was imposed on him.

Eventually Adam did virtually all of the cleaning and a great deal of the cooking. We couldn't hire a full-time cook so Adam became the cook, and the shopper too. He was already a support worker (of course), and a cleaner (by default). With bad knees, a brace, and chronic pain, Adam was the one who had to lug around heavy boxes of groceries,